

We Shall Know.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Ealls in splendor on the hills.
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mist has cleared away;
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
In the dawning of the morning
When the mists have cleared away.
If we are in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way;
When the weary watch is over,
And the clouds have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.
When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Of we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love or blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.
When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love beyond the orient meadows
Flows the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

Misplaced Confidence.

"Wife, we are going to have company tomorrow." Are we? Whom?
"A couple of men I picked up on the road to-night."

"You are always picking up some one for me to wait on. Where are they?"

"I didn't want to bring them home to-night, so I left them at the hotel. They told me such a pitiful story, I paid for their nights lodging, and requested them to come here in the morning, but I don't exactly like the looks of one of them."

"Then why did you ask them to come here?"

"Well; they are Englishmen, and I thought, perhaps we might learn something about our friends in the old country, besides they have been very unfortunate the past summer. They were ship-wrecked on lake Huron and lost all they had. They seem anxious and willing to work, and I think we can find something for them to do on the farm until spring, then, perhaps, they can do better."

"All right; let them come, if they will only work we can get along with them."

This conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Rich occurred one evening, just after his return, with the team, from a distant village. He had given them a ride, during which they related, briefly, their experience of the past six months, completely winning the sympathy of Mr. Rich, and receiving the invitation which brought them next day to his home.

They were, apparently about 25 and 35 years of age, the younger, whom we shall call George, being tall, slim, and of fair complexion. The elder, known as Tom, was short, stout, of dark complexion, and the one not exactly admired by Mr. Rich, yet both were cordially received into the family, and soon became familiar with the daily routine of labor.

Mr. Rich was born in England, near Leeds. His father was a Minister of the United Presbyterian denomination, and he endeavored to instruct his children in that belief. When Mr. Rich junior was quite a small lad, he had developed a strong liking for inorganic chemistry, and used frequently to experiment in his father's laboratory with gasses whose nature he did not thoroughly understand. This ignorance and inexperience, one day, brought upon him a great calamity. He mixed two antagonistic gasses that caused an explosion which came near ending his earthly career, and demolishing the whole establishment, but it, undoubtedly, completely changed his future career. His stern father issued an edict prohibiting his further search in that place for hidden mysteries, and apprenticed his ambitious son to a dyer; but this seemed too practical a curtailment of his varied experiments, and uncongenial to his literary tastes, so after four years of this bondage, he entered the university of Dublin, Ireland, and prepared for the ministry. At

the age of 21 he emigrated to this country, being six weeks crossing the Atlantic, in a sailing vessel. After teaching school in New England some time, he took charge of a congregation in St. Louis Mo., at the same time performing the duties of a pedagogue. He next went to Ills. where he married his wife who has been the principal agent in bringing the wild land he purchased in Lapeer county, Michigan, to its present state of cultivation, where there home now is. This Pioneer missionary work developed in Mr. Rich a character not easily frightened or discouraged by trifles, yet his particular failing seemed to consist in being too lenient with humanity, or in having too weak a belief in human depravity.

At the time of receiving these sailors by Mr. Rich, his family consisted of his wife, a daughter Maggie, aged about 15 years, and two lads younger. He also had two daughters married, living away from his home. Tom, the elder of the strangers just admitted to this circle proved to be quite a talker and acquainted with some of Mr. Rich's friends in England, which made the stories he related during the long winter evenings, doubly interesting to the family, and before spring Tom and George were looked upon as heroes and warm friends.

Very soon, Tom became quite attentive to young Maggie, occasionally escorting her to parties and elsewhere in the neighborhood.

When spring came, Tom had so far ingratiated himself into favor with Mr. Rich that he leased him the farm to work for one-third the crops, and George went away.

Once, while Tom and Maggie were visiting at neighbor Pratt's, Tom's true character began to shine through the thin shell in which he had thought to conceal it, when his tongue betrayed him into lying about Mr. Pratt's son Orson, then working in Saginaw.

This little incident led Mr. and Mrs. Rich to open their eyes, and they forbade Maggie going to parties any more with Tom, but his influence over her had already grown very strong, and they occasionally got away together.

Tom had now become the ring-leader of the bad boys in all the mischief of the neighborhood, and a notorious liar.

One day he hired a man and team, ostensibly to take him and Maggie to church, but really, to visit Mr. Pratt. He then reported among the boys that he was married to Maggie, so one night the family were startled from their slumber by the most hideous noise imaginable. Horse fiddles, tin pans, cow bells, mouth-organs, squackers, horns, guns and pistols, mingled with yells for Tom "made night hideous" and so frightened Tom that he dared not make his appearance, but a few words from Mrs. Rich soon dispersed the would be mob. Next morning an arrow with a threatening letter attached was found sticking in Mr. Rich's barn door, also, there had been thrust under the door of the dwelling a letter for Mr. Rich, but which Tom managed to secure and read to some of the neighbors. Mrs. and Mr. Rich questioned Maggie and Tom concerning the confusion of the night before, and inquired if they were married, to which they replied they were not.

Tom's scandalous lies and general deportment grew worse and worse, until the boys were so aroused that they sent letter after letter to Mr. Rich, advising him to send Tom out of the neighborhood, else they would take the matter into their own hands and either hang the villain, or dress him with tar and feathers and ride him away on a rail. Only there great respect for Mr. Rich prevented the immediate execution of their plans, yet, strange to say, Mr. Rich paid little attention to these warnings, so absorbed was he in his clerical duties, even to the neglect of his daughter's reputation and the happiness of his family; probably the most potent reason why ministers sons are charged with being unusually wild and vicious. Yet these warnings so frightened Tom as to somewhat check his low designs, but so determined was he to ruin Maggie, that he would not leave, and his cowardice finally

led him to ask Mr. Rich for money to buy a revolver for self defense, but he received, instead, wholesome advice, by which he might have profited had he not become so enraged that he armed himself with a butcher-knife, went into the kitchen asked Maggie to marry or kill him, if not, he would kill her. It was now the mothers turn to be alarmed, and she persuaded Maggie to flee to Mr. Pratt's. At noon, when Tom returned from his work he missed Maggie and inquired of her mother where she was. Mrs. Rich gave an evasive answer which only aroused Tom's suspicion; so, as an excuse to hunt for her, he said he wanted to go to Detroit, and applied to Mr. Rich for money to defray expenses, saying they would divide the crops after he returned. Mr. Rich said he could not let him have any money, but would take him to the depot immediately, which did not at all please Tom, and to prevent the the frustrating of his plans, he replied that he would rather wait till morning, and before leaving visit some of his friends, at the same time asking the loan of a horse to expedite the matter.

Suspicion now rested with Mr. Rich, but he did not refuse Tom the horse, although he watched the direction he took, and discovered it towards Mr. Pratt's, four miles distant. Mr. Rich immediately started on across lots, shortening the distance 2 miles, and arrived before Tom, at Mr. Pratt's, where he met Maggie and Mrs. Pratt just returning from berrying. Tom soon came up, and asked the privilege of seeing Maggie alone, but her father told him if he had anything to say to her, to say it then and there before him, so Tom again asked Maggie to marry him, but she replied by telling her father that she had already promised to marry Orson Pratt. Tom's anger now knew no bounds, and the cowardly villain stealthily reached for a pistol, but Mr. Rich anticipated the act, and placed himself between Maggie and Tom, looking him steadily in the eye as he would a wild beast ready to pounce upon him. Tom cowered before the searching gaze, and the pistol did not appear, but seeing himself foiled in his dastardly attempt to murder Maggie, he resorted to disgraceful and scandalous assertions concerning her character, implicating both her and himself, which latter did him no harm, for he had nothing to lose, while Maggie had all. Mr. Rich took no farther notice of Tom, but withdrew his daughter and taking her to Marlette, placed her in charge of a friend there. Tom followed them about one-half mile, then, with the horse he had borrowed, returned to Mr. Rich's house. Mrs. Rich had remained in mortal terror of Tom's arrival, and tried to persuade neighbor Camp to stay at the house as protector, but his cowardice overbalanced gallantry, and he fled, leaving Mrs. Rich alone, but, fortunately for her, when Tom came he did not seem very savage and when Mr. Rich arrived, he found Tom in tears, but probably not those of penitence, for Mr. Rich ordered him to leave the house which Tom immediately did, and went to a neighbors thinking to receive sympathy, but was only tolerated because people knew no better or safer way of dealing with one whose presence in the community was like a firebrand continually being shifted about a stubble field, his contact sereing and blackening everything.

Even Mr. Rich had discovered so much depravity in Tom's character, that immediately after driving from his house, he feared Tom might return and burn some of the buildings, so he procured the assistance of a friend to watch the premises. Tom lurked about a few days telling all manner of stories injurious to the character of Maggie, even how he had plotted to kill her, and that the "Old Man" had been too much for him. These stories soon reached the ear of Mr. Rich, but being a peaceable and respected minister of the Gospel, he paid little heed to them, neither had he ever thought it necessary to walk about with one or two revolvers in his pockets, as far too many of the young men, and even boys do at the present time, but his neighbors, being more solicitous for his safety than he seemed himself, finally persuaded him to accept the

loan of one of these deadly weapons, to be used in case of serious emergency.

One day Tom went to Mr. Wait and engaged him to cut the crops on Mr. Rich's place. Mr. Wait then took him to the depot, leaving his surplus clothing ect. at Mr. Rich's, who, hearing nothing from Tom for several days, concluded he had gone to Detroit, so he packed up Tom's duds and marked them Abram Torade, Detroit Mich., (Tom being an alias) and sent them to that city, also a letter descriptive of Tom to the Mayor of Detroit. He next warned Orson Pratt, in Saginaw to beware to beware of Tom. Then he brought Maggie home once more, and when Mr. Wait came to cut the crops he forbade any such performance.

Hardly had Maggie become again settled at home before she received a letter from audacious Tom declaring his determination yet to marry her, and describing his fruitless search for Orson Pratt.

Four weeks later while Mrs. Rich and Maggie were filling a bed-tick at a neighbors straw stack, she discovered Tom coming toward them, and pointing him out to her mother, she fled by a concealed path home, told her father what had happened, then prepared for further flight with him. When Tom approached Mrs. Rich and knew Maggie had gone, his countenance betrayed anger, disappointment and restlessness, but Mrs. Rich managed by conversation, to detain him till she thought Maggie was safe, then allowed him to depart for her house, but when he arrived, his bird had flown, and seeing no one about the premises, he went away crest-fallen. In the mean time Mr. Rich had heard Maggie's story and hastily brought the horse and carriage and started with her for North Branch, nine miles distant, where he left Maggie with a friend, then placed a warrant in the hands of a constable, with instructions to arrest Tom as soon as possible. Next morning, about 4 o'clock Mr. Rich arrived home.

Four hours later, Tom appeared at the gate and was about to enter the yard when Mr. Rich ordered him to halt. Tom said he wouldn't. This blunt opposition to his authority fully aroused Mr. Rich. For once his righteous indignation and courage swelled within him. He grasped his revolver, and stepping towards Tom, told him, if he entered that inclosure he did it at the peril of his life. Tom knew he was in earnest and retreated. Mr. Rich then inquired of Tom what brought him there. Tom replied, he wanted his share of the crops, or the money. Mr. Rich was momentarily expecting officers from North Branch to arrest Tom, so he endeavored to detain him until they arrived.

Tom, not getting any satisfactory promises from Mr. Rich resorts to his familiar practice of lying, and says he has brought suit in Lapeer against Mr. Rich and will see if he can't have satisfaction.

No officers of the law likely to appear Mr. Rich suffers the conversation to lag, and Tom soon departs muttering and growling like a foiled dog.

Three days afterwards Tom is found at Mr. Strong's, but the cowardly constables are afraid to arrest him, and he remains there several days, during which, Mr. Strong assumes the part of peacemaker by trying to induce Tom to settle honorably with Mr. Rich.

Finally, Tom agrees to leave the country for \$25.00, and signs papers agreeing to never come into the neighborhood again. Mr. Rich gladly paid that amount to Tom, who went to Burnside and spent it in drunken carousing, and soon after went to Detroit, from which place he had the impertinence to send letters and jewelry to Maggie, but she transferred the letters to her father, and the jewelry to the fire, which act seemed to feed the flames of rage in Tom's bosom, and he declared he would come to the county Fair, and waylay young Pratt. Instead of intimidating Orson, these threats rather stimulated his desire to attend the Fair and search for Tom, which he did, but nothing has since been heard from Tom, and the people of that neighborhood rejoice that he has not again appeared among them.

Maggie learned this useful lesson, to beware how she flirts with strangers. She is now the happy wife of contented and industrious Orson Pratt,

living in their comfortable home, with bright children growing up around them, prospectively to bless and cheer their declining years.

Mr. Rich is preaching in Huron county with none to molest, or make him afraid, or drive him to the use of a pistol.

J. K. G.
Vassar, Tuscola Co.

The Hunter and the Truant Urein.

Several years ago, with a fine brace of pointers, Frank and Dash, I left a little town on the Ohio Canal some thirty miles from Cleveland, after an early breakfast, for the "Sedges," a well-known partridge ground east of the winding Cuyahoga. Before I got out of the little hamlet a ragged little bright-eyed, smart-looking country boy, between 12 and 14 years of age, came trudging along at my heels. I said:

"Where are you going, my boy?"

"Hunting with you, if you will let me."

"You do not look stout enough to stand the fatigue of the tramp I am about to make. Don't you go to school?"

"Yes, but I'm runnin' away to-day to show you where the partridges is. I knowed you was goin' hunting, for I see you and them big dogs last night at the tavern."

"Are you not afraid of getting a whipping by both your teacher and your parents?"

"No, but I expect to have to lie some. I'll tell the teacher I had the belly-ache, and I'll tell pap I've been to school and didn't want no dinner."

At this I smiled audibly, and believing in his unsophisticated honesty, and that he might show me some new grounds, as he declared he could, I told him to come along, keep close to me and stop still when I did. He promised faithfulness in everything. We soon turned into a thicket in a deep gully at his suggestion, and had proceeded but a few rods when Frank stiffened out and Dash backed him beautifully. I stopped and looked back to see if the boy had stopped too. To my surprise I saw him flat on his belly, with a look of astonishment on his face that I was not in a like position. I had previously told him that the dogs would stop and "point" when they found a bird. I beckoned to him to lie still, and looking out a clear place to shoot, walked up and flushed the bird. Luckily it rose fair and tumbled to the bottom of the ravine. Frank had no retrieving to do; that boy had that ruffed grouse by the neck before the dogs could fairly flatten out on their "down charge." He came back to me with a face brilliant with approving smiles and said:

"Is that the way you do it, by golly?"

"Oh, yes; we always shoot them on the wing, when we can."

"Well, by golly! You may do it that way, but sitting on a log is good enough for me."—*Forest and Stream.*

An English Opinion on Oscar's Trip.

The verdict passed upon Oscar Wilde by the Americans, that he is no fool, is not, on the face of it, complimentary, though it was meant to be so. It is certainly true. People may have their laugh, but Oscar is having not only a good time, but is making a good deal of money. His present expedition was undertaken at the suggestion of the shrewd head and kindly heart covered by the hat and waistcoat of Mr. George Lewis, of Ely place. Oscar was in very low circumstances, beginning to suffer, with Mrs. Langtry, from the caprice of London society, which was getting tired of both. He discovered that man cannot live by lilies alone, and was, in short, faced by the grim and wholly inescapable necessity of earning his daily bread. Mr. Lewis thought that something could be done in America, and broached the matter to D'Oyly Carte, who took it up with the cheerful results of which we get some inkling in the telegrams from the United States. In London people laugh at Oscar, and certainly would not pay to see him. In America they laugh, but pay, and all is well. There is, by the way, a good conundrum current about Oscar. I don't know that it has reached you, but it will bear repetition. "Who was the first aesthetic?" was the question, and the answer, "Balaam's ass, because the Lord made him to (o) utter."—*London Citizen.*

Fashionable dressmakers say they are driven wild by the appeals of their lady customers for artistic dresses.

Brought to Time.

A young man on a street in Steubenville with a fez cap, a fragile cane, and smoking a vile cigarette which awakened a suspicion in the minds of the neighbors that a dead mule was in the immediate vicinity, stepped off the sidewalk to allow a lady to pass.

"Thank you," she said.

"Not at all, madame; I assure you I always give way to the weaker sex."

The lady slowed up when she heard this, and came back to the young man.

"What did you observe, sir?"

"I said (smile forced) that I always gave way to the weaker sex."

"Ah, did you," pursued the woman, grabbing him with a firm hand by the throat-latch. "Do you know who you are (shake) calling the (shake, shake) weaker sex?"

"I—ugh—that is, I—meant to say—you hurt my neck—politeness is constitutional in our—ouch—family."

"Tis hey? Well (shake, shake, shake) if you think I'm (shake, shake, shake, shake) one of the weaker sex you are off your reckoning."

Here she gave the young man a dextrous flip which spun him three times around, after which he fell under a fence, while his cane and fez cap flew over into a bed of last year's hollyhocks.

"Now after this, remember young man, you can't play no weak sex game on me. I propose to vote before that dyspeptic looking moustache of yours has more than seven hairs on one side and nine on the other."—*Steubenville Republican.*

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